

# THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

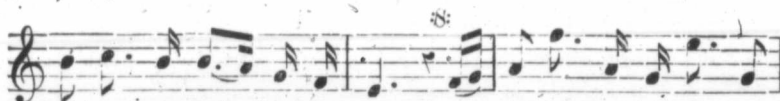
*Moderato.*



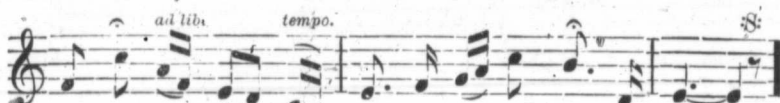
1. Here's to the year that's a - wa'! We'll drink it in strong and in



sma'; And here's to ilk bonnie young las - sie we lo'ed, While



swift flew the year that's a - wa'! And here's to ilk bonnie young



las - sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'.....

Here's to the soldier who bled—

To the sailor who bravely did fa'!

Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled

On the wings of the year that's awa'.

Their fame is alive, etc.

Here's to the friends we can trust

When the storms of adversity blaw!

May they live in our song, and be nearest

our hearts,

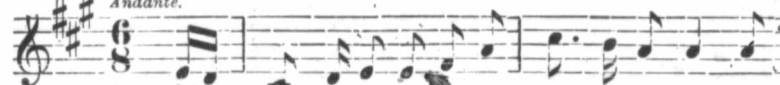
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.

May they live in our song, etc.

## MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

BURNS.

*Andante.*



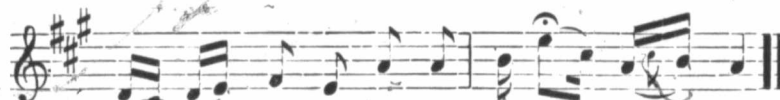
Now in - her green mantle blythe Na - ture ar - rays, And



listens the lambkins that bleat ower the braes, While birds warble wel-come in



il-ka green shaw; But to me it's de-light-less, my Nan-nie's a-wa', But to



me - it's de - light - less, my Nan - nie's a - wa'.

The snaw-drap an  
adorn,  
And violets bathe  
They pain my sa  
blaw!  
They mind me  
awa'.  
They mind me  
awa'.

Thou laverock, tl  
the lawn,  
The shepherd to  
dawn,

*Larghetto.*



1.



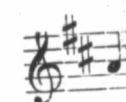
Sleep



Spring



bir



Aye



thi

When

Whe

Rest I

For

Aye wakin',

Sleep I canna

Cod